

"Nonpareil," they called him.

He was the only champion boxer who started out as a wrestler.

Dempsey never scaled over 142-145 in the ring and was called upon to meet men weighing 154 pounds—the weight limit in those days.

Gaze over Dempsey's record under London prize ring rules, on the turf with bare knucks, then review his padded mitt encounters, paying particular attention to the size of the men he met. Now review Fitzsimmons', Gans' and other records.

Your decision is bound to be that Jack Dempsey was the greatest pugilist that ever climbed over a rope.

Jack received his first repulse from George LeBlanche. Defeat humiliated him. His heart was broken. His confidence in himself was destroyed. The indescribable effect of defeat refused to vanish, and he was decisively beaten by Fitzsimmons in his next fight.

Wolgast is another example of what defeat will do for a man who has always been successful. Willie Ritchie was the first man that stood toe to toe with him and forced him to quit fighting in the center of the ring, later sending him to the floor in a dazed condition on the verge of collapse. In later battles, critics said he lacked the old do or die fighting spirit.

Knockout Brown took his first ten seconds from Joe Rivers. It broke his confidence and, he was beaten easily by others later.

Joe Mandot was another promising lightweight whom Leach Cross dropped. It unnerved him; he worried and could not retain his weight, dropping to 126 pounds instead of 133—his usual fighting mark.

The first knockout as a rule means cloudy weather for future events in the ring, and few fighters ever weather the storm.

WANTED, A HUMAN EXCHANGE

A recent development is the placement bureau, designed to help school children to fit into appropriate niches in life.

Its intention is fine and no doubt in time those who are running it will learn the way to be of large service.

If only there were a placement bureau for grown-ups!

Across the way, on the top floor of a dingy store building, is a stuffy tenement. A woman lives there, an unusual woman.

She keeps her little home as neat as wax. In each window are pots of flowers and ferns. She has a canary bird, too, to which she is most attentive. She spends hours, during intervals in her household work, tending to her little flower beds. Every plant looks as if Luther Burbank had its life in his keeping. The patience and loving care with which she mothers these growths would do credit to the most famous plant specialist in the world.

The woman is misplaced in the grimy attic of a down-town building. She ought to be living in a bower-trellised cottage in the country. What a splendid farm mistress she would make!

On many farms are querulous, fretful, discontented women who long for the "freedom" and the excitements of the city.

In every city are scores of women like this admirable housekeeper across the way; women who would find joy in ministering to the duties of farm life and whose starved souls would expand in the wholesome out-of-doors as they mothered the plants and the flowers, the birds and the fowls and drew in deep draughts of refreshment and inspiration from uncontaminated nature.

If only there were means of exchange for these misplaced families! What a saving it would achieve in human values!